here[5]. What the good-year! do you think, I would deny her ? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then, feed, and be fat; my fair Calipolis[6]: Come, give's some sack.

5 — Have we not HIREN here ?

Host. O! my word, captain, there's none such here. [illegible] shall I fear, that have this trusty and invincible sword by my side? For, as King Arthur's swords were called Caliburne and Ron [illegible] as Edward the Confessor's Curtana; as Charlemagne's Joyeuse; Orlando's Durindana; Rinaldo's Fusberta; and Rogero's Balisarda; so Pistol, in imitation of these heroes, calls his sword *Hiren*. I have been told, Amadis de Gaul had a sword of this name. *Hirr* is to strike, and from hence it seems probable that *Hiren* may be derived, and so signify a swashing cutting sword. —But what wonderful humour is there in the good Hostess so innocently mistaking Pistol's drift, fancying that he meant to fight for a whore in the house, and therefore telling him ** O! my word, captain, there's none such here; what the good-year! do you think I would deny her ?" THEOBALD.

As it appears from a former note, that *Hiren* was sometimes a cant term for a mistress or harlot, Pistol may be supposed to give it on this occasion as an endearing name to his sword in the same spirit of fondness that he presently calls it—^sweetheart. STEEVENS.

I see no ground for supposing that the words bear a different meaning here from what they did in a former passage. He is still, I think, merely quoting the same play he had quoted before. MALONE.

"'—Have we not *Hiren* here?" I know not whence Shakespeare derived this allusion to Arthur's lance. "Accinctus etiam Caliburno gladio optimo, lancea nomine *iron*, dexteram suam decoravit." *M. Westmonasteriensis*, *y*. 9&. BOWLE.

Geoffery of Monmouth, p. 65, reads *Ron* instead of *Iron*. STEEVENS.

<5 — feed^ ^d be fat, my fair CALIPOLIS .] This is a burlesque on a line in an old play called The Battel of Alcazar, &c. printed in 1594, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword:

*' Feed then, and faint not, *my* faire
Calypolis"
And again, in the same play:
*" Hold thee *Calipolis*; feed, and
faint no more."
And again:
** *Feed and bejat,* that we may meet
the foe,
" With strength and terrour to
revenge